

The Bee.

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W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

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In his second contribution to the *Collier's Weekly*, Frederick Palmer, in the issue of April 12, 1903, upon "The Joyous South of Today," comments at some length upon the conduct and effects of Booker T. Washington's school, at Tuskegee, Ala.

The article is well written but is replete with suggestion that the South is not the place for the skilled laborer and that the field of agriculture is the only one in which he may be permitted to operate untrammelled by the opposition of the whites.

The impression is being sown very generally that most of the students at Tuskegee complete their course and are thereby equipped to compete successfully with the white brother. Light is thrown on this subject by the statement of a gentleman reputed to be in high standing at the South. This is what he says:

"The pity is that the school graduates so few, and so many students leave it when they have only a smattering instead of waiting until they are thoroughly masters of some one trade. The danger is that the North will spoil Washington and through him spoil the school."

If this be true it would seem that the school is doing a positive harm instead of a permanent good. One of the most unfortunate results of our educational systems is the turning loose of a considerable number of half-educated boys and girls, who possess just enough education to make them pride-blown and unwilling to perform labor for which they are most equipped. These people parade themselves as ex-students at this or that educational institution and do much to deceive their own race as well as the whites. It were far better for the race, if Booker T. Washington sought fewer pupils and insisted that each should agree to complete the full course, rather than sow the country for mere numbers, the most of whom get a smattering of a trade.

It is high time that positive beneficial results be demanded of so-called leaders and educators, before accrediting to them honor and success. The correspondent takes up the theme and characterizes the institution as effecting but little along proper lines.

Concerning the pupils who leave the institution, he gives expression to the following—

"To make him a machinist is as near as Tuskegee comes to preparing a student for a place in the steel mills of Birmingham; to teach her to darn socks as near as it comes to preparing a girl to take charge of a loom in a cotton mill. The institution recognizes the limitations of the race which called it into existence. In the cotton mill negroes are employed only in the picking room. If one appeared in any other department the hands would either quit work or put him out promptly. Most cotton operatives are Southern born and bred."

This not only corroborates what is said by the white gentleman of high standing above referred to, but indicates the temper of the South with respect to the chances of colored citizens to obtain employment. It would seem that the bars are being built higher and higher, more and more impregnable against the colored people at the South who desire to operate in the more remunerative vocations. All of this talk and bluster about the marvellously good work being done at Tuskegee would seem to be but little more substantial or reliable than flatus. The oft-repeated boast that the southern colored

man if permitted to work side by side with the white skilled laborer in all of the various spheres, seems not to be bourn out by the facts. In that section the edict has gone forth that Negroes must do the unskilled labor while the skilled labor is "absolutely the white man's realm." Here is what the correspondent goes on to say—

**SKILLED AND UNSKILLED LABOR.**  
"But in the steel mills absolutely the same rule of the employees' own making applies. Under lease from the State the convicts mine the coal in the Alabama mines. Negroes do the unskilled labor about the furnaces; but skilled labor is absolutely the white man's realm. A negro puddler would be boycotted."

This does not bear out what we are constantly hearing and seeing in print, namely, that Booker Washington's school is preparing the way for the revolution in the industrial districts in the South whereby negroes are to be transformed from "hewers of wood and drawers of water" into skilled citizens, applying their trades and professions through all the ramifications of business. It would seem that the southern white man is as determined to day to keep the Negro out of remunerative employments as he was forty years ago, all of the boasts of Washington to the contrary notwithstanding.

CAT FOUGHT EAGLE

Saved from Bird's Talons by Train Man's Intervention.

Strange Struggle in the Mountains of Pennsylvania—How a Water Snake Led a Black Snake to Its Destruction.

The vicinity of Susquehanna, Pa., must be great place for wild animals of all sorts, or it is the headquarters of one of the most accomplished newspaper liars of our time. To the Chicago Inter Ocean this individual writes that Engineer Gardner has a big black cat, named Bob, which is his constant companion on his engine. Winter finds the cat snuggled up upon the cushions of the cab, and the running board is his airing quarters. Bob is a prime favorite with the men all along the division.

For a week a big American eagle has been seen in the bend of the road near the state line, and the trainmen have tried firing shots at him, without bringing him down. When Bob has been taking his airing upon the running board the big eagle has eyed him narrowly and greeted him with fierce screams and flapping of his wings.

As the day express was dashing around the curve on Sunday morning, Bob was on the running board, enjoying the sunlight. Quick as a flash the eagle dashed downward from a big hemlock and seized the cat, when a terrific battle ensued.

Bob retreated to the pilot and put up a gallant defense with teeth and nails, and for three minutes honors were easy, but the bird got a neck hold on the cat, and in a moment more would have been in the air but for the opportune arrival of the fireman, who, armed with an iron bar, attacked the eagle, which dropped the cat and tried to defend itself against the man.

The bird's second battle was brief, for two blows from the iron placed it



BOB DEFENDED HIMSELF.

hors de combat. While the fireman dragged the dead eagle to the cab Bob followed, licking his lacerations and purring in triumph. He will probably hereafter ride inside the cab. The eagle measured six feet from tip to tip of wings.

Near the Canauacta creek, one day in October, a water snake met a black snake. The reptiles did not immediately clinch, but hissed fiercely and circled around each other as if seeking for an opening. The black snake pressed matters, and in a few seconds succeeded in getting the tail of his opponent into his mouth, and to preclude all possibility of an escape began to eat toward the head.

This was exactly what the water snake wanted. It started on a straight line for the stream, and his consumer following him, and dining upon him simultaneously, was, of

AN UNWILLING HEIR.

Prince William Ernest of Saxe-Weimar Who May Reign in the Kingdom of Holland.

Queen Wilhelmina's recent disappointment in the hope of an heir brings into prominence Prince William Ernest of Saxe-Weimar, who is at present the heir apparent to the throne of the Netherlands and who inherited from his grandmother, besides immense properties, a fortune amounting to \$20,000,000.

It was rather an extraordinary chance that made this young man of 27 grand duke of one of the most important of the Saxon duchies, as well as next in succession to the girl queen of Holland, supposing, of course, that



PRINCE WILLIAM ERNEST. (Saxe-Weimar Sprig of Royalty Who May Be King of Holland.)

her majesty is not blessed with offspring. His mother was the daughter of King William II. of Holland and the sister of Queen Wilhelmina's father, William III. Probably nothing was further from the princess' mind than that one day a son of hers would become heir apparent to the throne, for, besides the king, she had another brother, Prince Henry, and before she married the eldest son of the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar and left Holland for Germany both her royal brother and Prince Henry had married and the king had an heir.

Fortune, however, was bent on playing pranks. The king's son became dissipated and died unmarried, after a checkered career, and although Prince Henry married twice he had no children by either union. So it happened that, late in life, the grand duchess of Saxe-Weimar found herself in the remarkable position of heiress presumptive to a little girl, her own niece, now Queen Wilhelmina.

Naturally, the Dutch people, who for many years have been perplexed by the uncertain succession to the throne, would much prefer a son of their beloved queen as monarch to the grand duke, and that young man himself is credited with hoping sincerely that his cousin and her consort may be blessed with an heir.

MISS ISABELLE HAGNER.

Civil-Service Reformers Object to Her Acting as Social Secretary to the President's Wife.

Civil service reformers have discovered what they believe to be a clear evasion of the law in the fact that Miss Isabelle Hagner is carried on the rolls of the war department as a clerk at \$240 per annum. She is detailed away from her desk to serve as the social private secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Root.

The reformers to whose attention this case has been called say that it



MISS ISABELLE HAGNER. (Social Secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Root.)

might be proper and legal to detail Miss Hagner as the secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt, but they ask what warrant of law exists to supply her services in a similar capacity to the wife of the secretary of war.

The art of successfully fulfilling the duties of private secretary is one that appeals to many gentlemen, and many have incurred considerable expense fitting themselves for this work. These ladies resent the fact that Miss Hagner fills two such important posts on such a meager salary, and they have brought their grievances to the attention of some senators and representatives, who will investigate.

It is contended that the secretary who attends to the white house work should not receive less than \$100 a month. They also consider that Miss Hagner should either remain at her desk at the war department or resign.

The experience of the past winter has taught Mrs. Roosevelt that she needs some one who can give her entire time to the labor. Miss Hagner, in addition to serving Mrs. Root, acts in a similar capacity for Mrs. Dewey and Mrs. Hanna. There evidently will be much opposition to Miss Hagner's appointment to the white house if she is continued on the war department rolls.

SAVED HER JEWELS.

How Timid Little Cora Outwitted a Bold Burglar.

Even After He Had Secured All of Resolute Julia's Rings and Money—Unique Study of American Maiden Nature.

Of the two girls one would say Julia is by far the better protection against burglars. Cora is small and quiet and sweet to see and hear. Julia is five feet ten, generously built as to bony framework, and she was born with a dare against all the world. Cora has a nice conscience, Julia none. When Cora tells a lie it is not one, for a lie is a statement calculated to deceive, and no mortal was ever deceived by one of Cora's fibs. Julia, however, fibs by nature and tells the truth only for expediency. Julia has always taken care of herself and seems men healthily. Cora has always been taken care of and is of a plastic temperament. Yet the two are bosom friends, despite their differences, and Cora admires Julia and Julia dominates over Cora.

The other night, says the Chicago Daily News, it happened that Julia stayed all night with Cora. It also happened that no one else was in the house save Cora's mother. The absence of masculine protection was bitterly bemoaned by Cora, who had received that day the pleasing little sum of \$110, which was in cash and in the house. Julia sniffed scornfully as she deposited her two ten-dollar bills in the tiny drawer of Cora's writing desk.

"What earthly account would a man be?" she demanded. "I'm not afraid of any burglar that ever drew a pistol. Put your money here and stop fussing."

But Cora fussed and grew exasperatingly nervous over the matter, and finally decided to keep it all where it was, in the little chamois bag about her neck.

Two hours later Julia, roused by a slight noise, sat up in bed and looked



"I AIN'T GOIN' TO HURT YOU."

squarely down the pleasing perspective of a revolver. Her gasp roused Cora, who also sat upright and viewed the spectacle. Instinctively the two girls grasped hands, and Julia drew in her breath as one breathes when about to expel it in one forcible yell. The grim figure before them seemed to recognize the sound.

"Don't you scream, lady," he said, warningly. "I ain't goin' to hurt you, but I want to know where your money and rings are."

"Take that horrible thing away," Julia said, in a voice that Cora did not recognize, it was so thin and quavery. "Here are my rings and my money's yonder in that desk—the little drawer." She held out her hands.

"Good," said the gentlemanly housebreaker, as he pocketed three rings and gained possession of the money, still keeping the girls carefully covered with the revolver. Then he came back to the bed. "Now you!" He was standing over Cora.

Julia turned sick with dread. That frail little thing beside her—what would be the effect, not so much of the loss of the money she had but of the fright and shock?

"I'm staying all night with her," said Cora, calmly. "I haven't a single thing with me."

A slight gasp from Julia made the masked gentleman turn a threatening glance on her, but Julia had no spirit left for screaming. She sat up and listened to the conversation.

"No," said Cora, sweetly, in reply to a stern question, "not even a pocketbook."

"Give me your rings, then," growled the baffled burglar, convinced of the truth of her words by her utter confidence and lack of constraint.

"I don't wear rings at all," said Cora, frankly holding up her hands.

Julia gasped again as she thought of the two solitaires and the diamond and emerald one and the beautiful ruby that had gleamed on Cora's hands in the moonlight just as they went to sleep. Yet they were quite bare now.

"Anybody else here?" the burglar growled again in deep disgust.

"Just her ma," said Cora, with a gesture toward the dumb and stricken Julia. "I wish you'd go now, please."

"Anything to oblige you," remarked the burglar.

"Where had you put them all?" asked Julia, as the burglar vanished.

"Here with my money," said Cora, faintly touching the chamois bag.

"Oh, Julia, I'm perfectly sick with fright."

"Pshaw!" said Julia, grimly; "I'm cool as a cucumber."

SAVED BY RED COAT.

Engineer Mistook Baby's Clank for Danger Signal and Stopped Train Just in Time.

Engineer David Whitsell was bringing Burlington train No. 186, Conductor Everett Dyer, from Lyons to Denver, Cal., the other afternoon. It was a heavy freight carrying stone and coal. At a rapid pace the engineer was guiding it to Lafayette. The grade permits of high speed and No. 186 was making time, flashing past mine buildings and a few houses scattered on the outskirts of the town.

Rounding a curve, W. J. Fickler, who was acting as brakeman and was riding in the cab, grabbed Whitsell's arm.



MOTHER SEIZED HER BABY.

From the cab window Fickler had seen a red flag, the signal of danger, waving down the track. The distance was probably 800 feet. The engineer with all haste applied the air and reversed the lever. The heavy train responded with a jar and rumble, and, sliding with ever-decreasing speed, came to a stop within 20 feet of a little child, a girl of about two years of age, wearing a red cloak with a lace collar.

The child was standing between the rails as if rooted there, gazing at the locomotive with the liveliest curiosity. It was the color of the cloak, a mere speck of red in the converging lines of steel, that had saved her from death under the wheels. As the train was slowing up, Whitsell gave the whistle leeway and with hoarse screams and the bell tried to frighten the child into a realization of her danger. There was a horrible fear in the hearts of both men that the train would not stop in time.

The whistle attracted the attention of the inmates of a miner's house near the track. A woman ran swiftly to the track, seized the child in the red cloak, kissed it as she hugged it to her breast, burst into weeping as she carried her lustily crying burden down the slight embankment. She forgot to thank the train crew, but that didn't matter. They were used to stopping at danger signals.

SWAIN WAS BASHFUL.

Young Missourian Informs Preacher That He Was Bent on "Committing Matrimony."

"I want to commit matrimony!" Dr. E. L. Powell, in the Louisville Courier Journal, tells the story of a bashful Missouri swain who blurted out this sentence in one of his mad endeavors to make his desires known. It was in the early years of the ministry of Dr. Powell, when he had a charge in Missouri in the good old days before every Missourian had to be "shown." There came to his home one morning a gawky individual, who disjoined, so to speak, as



"I ER WANT ER—ER—ER!"

he bowed himself into the presence of the preacher.

"I-er-er-want-er-er-er—" and he took a big swallow at the lump in his throat, but, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down.

Dr. Powell knew what was coming, but he gave his tall caller no encouragement.

The more the fellow tried to get out of the scrape the more entangled he became. He would lead up to the subject and would be on the verge of imparting the momentous information, when a break would come in his voice and he would shift his talk to weather.

Finally in sheer desperation he managed to jerk out the words: "Parson, I want to commit matrimony."

The teeth came together with a gnash, as he bit off the last word. The sentence came as a life preserver. A kindly twinkle in Dr. Powell's eye brought the Missourian back to earth and arrangements for the ceremony were forthwith made.

Dr. Powell says he has heard of committing murder, but committing matrimony was a new one on him.

GIRLS FIGHT A DUEL.

Both Fell in Love with an Indian Trapper and Then Wanted to Kill Each Other.

Two young American girls, brought up by careful mothers in homes of wealth, luxury, and refinement, accustomed from babyhood to all the ultra-conventionalities of polite society of the cities in which they lived, met recently in the Wisconsin woods, armed with rifles, and anxious each one to kill the other for love of a handsome quarter-breed Indian trapper. The two young girls, who, in all their lives, had hardly been out of a city, met in the woods and within two weeks both were in love with an Indian guide.



JIM MERELY LAUGHED.

a Howgli of a man, and were ready to do murder upon each other for him.

The two girls are Della Shores, of Philadelphia, the daughter of a wealthy lumberman, who owns many acres of hard and soft wood near Fenlon, Wis., and Evelyn Mahoney, daughter of a Milwaukee lumberman, whose extensive holdings find their headquarters at Mellen, Wis.

It happened that Jim Short, a handsome and muscular guide, had been recommended to each of the girls by the young men of their acquaintance as a superlative snowshoe and ski teacher.

Each took a good many lessons of him, and each without knowing it fell in love with him. Then each found out that the other took lessons of him. Each was jealous and each upbraided Short. He laughed, then each girl became furious at the other one.

Finally the girls met, and the Philadelphia maid jumped from the wagon she was driving and plied the horse-whip across the face, neck, and back of Miss Mahoney, who was walking with Short.

As a result, says the Chicago Tribune, a duel was arranged a few days ago in a clearing between Mellen and Fenlon. The seconds—country girls—decided there should be no bloodshed, air rifles were secured from Ashland, and the two city girls told they were just alike and of the latest pattern.

The Philadelphia girl fired when the Milwaukee maid was about to pull the trigger. Miss Mahoney felt the blow on her chest and fell. When she found that the air gun bullet had not touched the skin she was ready for a reconciliation.

So was the other girl, who thought she was a murderer.

WAS GLAD TO ESCAPE.

One Woman Beats a Burglar with a Washboard and Another Shoots at Him.

Mrs. Jennie Williams, of Sioux City, Ia., late at night, finding her door apparently about to be blown open by the wind, attempted to shut it when she found a burglar on the out-



BEAT HIM OVER THE HEAD.

side. He said he was coming in, but she seized a washboard and beat him over the head with it and escaped in her night clothes to the home of Fred Beckwith, a neighbor.

The burglar then went to the home of Mrs. Anna Mauer, who, peering out of the window to see what had happened, looked into his face. She instantly fired a revolver through the window, but he escaped.

Thoroughly frightened, she sat in the kitchen till morning broke with a cocked revolver ready to give him a warm reception should he return. The police have found no clues.

**Powerful Polish Intoxicant.**  
Polinsky is a powerful intoxicant, used chiefly by the Polish coal miners in Pennsylvania. It is made of stale beer, cheap whisky and various spices. It is drunk as an "enlivener" at christenings, weddings and wakes, and in one hour the entire company is roaring drunk, in two hours there is an uproarious rumpus, and knives come into play.